

# Good Morning 256

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

STUART MARTIN concludes "Legal Tangle" Crime

## THIS WAS BRITAIN'S STRANGEST MURDER TRIAL EVER

YES, it was a very strange story that this Mr. Negretti (nothing to do with Zambra) told to Superintendent German at the King's Cross police station that fifth evening after Serafino Pelizzioni was told he would be hanged. (Nobody seems to know much about Mr. Negretti, except that he was a friend of Gregorio Mogni.)

Briefly, the recital was to the effect that Mr. Negretti had received an anonymous letter telling him that Gregorio Mogni, the missing man, was in Birmingham. The anonymous letter gave the address.

So Mr. Negretti, full of sympathy for Pelizzioni, had taken the journey up to Birmingham, had found Gregorio Mogni at work in a carpenter's shop in Edgbaston Street, and had told Gregorio about Serafino being condemned to be hanged.

The news had brought tears to Gregorio's eyes—and he resolved to come, at Mr. Negretti's request, and clear Serafino's good name. It transpired, too, that Mogni and Pelizzioni were cousins. Gregorio had made the journey, shedding tears all the way.

As Mogni could neither read nor write, he dictated a confession to Superintendent German there and then. He admitted that he had used the knife in the fight at the "Golden Anchor," but he emphasised that he had used it "in self-defence, because there were a lot of people there with clubs and pokers."

When Superintendent German read over the confession he was nonplussed.

IT was true that the confession exonerated Pelizzioni of the murder of Harrington, but it was not a confession of murder. It was just a confession of having used a knife "in self-defence." And Serafino Pelizzioni had already been found guilty of the murder. What was a nonplussed police superintendent to do?

With his knowledge of the law he found a way out. He announced that on the confession he could not charge Mogni with murder, but he

could detain him on a charge of aiding and abetting Pelizzioni!

Next day Gregorio appeared before the magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, and the attitude of the police added to the already muddy muddle. The police announced that they had already prosecuted one man who had been found guilty of the murder of Michael Harrington; and to prosecute another for the same crime would stultify the case and the verdict!

The case was adjourned until February 9th, but it seemed to get more muddled as it went along. When Gregorio Mogni came up before the magistrate on that date, the amazing situation was revealed that the lawyer who prosecuted (Mr. F. H. Lewis) was not prosecuting on behalf of the Crown. But he was acting on behalf of Mr. Negretti and was charging Gregorio Mogni with murder!

This amounted to a private prosecution. The police stood aloof. The magistrate had no guidance. Whoever heard in an English court a private charge of murder?

It all sounds, to-day, like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan, yet it was deadly serious.

The whole story of the fight at the "Golden Anchor" on Boxing Night was gone over again, witnesses and all.

But there were variations and additions. It was revealed, for instance, that the wife of Frederick Shaw, landlord of the "Golden Anchor," had a different view of the case from her husband.

It was also revealed that they had quarrelled over the prosecution of Serafino Pelizzioni; and the reason of the quarrel was frankly stated to be that before her marriage she had been very intimate with Serafino Pelizzioni.

She declared that her old flame was innocent. In this connection another sidelight flared up in court.

Mrs. Shaw and her sister were present, and when Shaw was on his way to the witness-box he either jostled or hustled his sister-in-law.

She at once charged him with technical assault, and Shaw was taken into custody. Four policemen swore there had been no "assault" or jostling, but the magistrate bound Shaw over to keep the peace!

Isn't this murder case getting out of hand?

But there is more to follow—much more. Witnesses on both sides contradicted each other time and again. Joseph Caprani, a printer, stood up and said that the knife Mogni used in the fight was one he had exchanged with Mogni nine months previously. Therefore it could not have been used by Serafino

Pelizzioni to murder Harrington!

The potman, Rebbeck, was brought in, but was kind of hazy about the fight, and said he thought it was Pelizzioni who had knocked down Mrs. King when the door of the bagatelle room was burst open.

When she was asked if it was not the man in the dock—Gregorio Mogni—she was emphatic it was not, for Mogni had a beard and whiskers.

But many Italians swore that on the Boxing Night Mogni had only a moustache and had grown the whiskers since; and also that with a moustache Pelizzioni and Mogni looked alike!

Another sensation was caused by the police bringing Pelizzioni into court with a warder—Pelizzioni who was under sentence of death for murder!

By this time the evidence was getting bewildering. Was it possible that a man under sentence of death for a murder which the "confession" said he did not commit could give evidence against somebody (Mogni) who "confessed" he had committed it?

According to the then rules of evidence, one rule excluded statements made by Mogni to third parties in the absence of Pelizzioni; and another rule prevented Pelizzioni from being examined or giving evidence at his own trial! Yet here was Pelizzioni brought in to give an account of an incident which, at his own trial, he was not allowed to do.

But the tragedy-comedy continued. Mr. Justice Byles, summing-up, declared that even if the jury found Mogni guilty, "that did not necessarily assail the propriety of the verdict against Pelizzioni."

The jury found Mogni guilty of manslaughter, but added a recommendation for mercy "because of provocation." And Gregorio Mogni was sentenced to five years' penal servitude!

The legal lights thought they had finished with Mogni and Pelizzioni; but they weren't. The Press and public started up demands for clarification, and the Home Office was forced to take notice. And the Home Office added muddle to muddle.

On March 6th, Sir George Grey, Home Secretary, announced that Pelizzioni had been "respited" during the Queen's pleasure.

A fortnight later he announced that the law officers of the Crown had decided to put Pelizzioni on trial a second time!

Pelizzioni had already made three police court appearances and two at the Old Bailey, and had been lying under sentence of death for two months!

The second trial at the Old Bailey opened before two judges—Baron Channell and Mr. Justice Montague. There was an array of eminent counsel on both sides, for the Italian community had subscribed to defend Pelizzioni. The Italian Ambassador (Marquis D'Azelio) was present. So were some Sheriffs and Aldermen of the City of London. Quite a show!

But the second charge was NOT a reopening of the murder case. Bless you, no! The Law Officers of the Crown were prosecuting Serafino Pelizzioni for wounding Alfred Rebbeck, the potman, "with intent to murder him"; and there was a second charge of "wounding

with intent to do him grievous bodily harm." And there was a third charge about wounding Charles Bannister, who, you will remember, got part of a finger sliced off at the "Golden Anchor" fight.

The trial began with more "misunderstandings." Pelizzioni had elected to be tried by a mixed jury of Italians and British. By some "oversight" there were no Italian jurymen summoned.

Pelizzioni insisted on his mixed jury. The court got into a huddle about it, begged him to be content with Britons; but he wouldn't. That meant the trial could not take place; so pressure was brought to bear on poor Serafino, and at last he consented.

The trial was another edition of the previous ones. Witnesses got mixed up in their statements. It was a field day for the "eminent counsel."

But the big scene was when Gregorio Mogni appeared, being brought from prison to give evidence.

Mogni cheerfully related how he himself had used his knife. He even went farther. He told how, in self-defence, he "thrust his knife into the belly of Harrington," and then stabbed Rebbeck!

The prosecution, not content with producing one knife, produced two!

And in the end the jury, after ten minutes' conference, declared that Pelizzioni was Not Guilty.

There were cheers in court and in the street outside. Pelizzioni stood in the dock, bowing his acknowledgments, grinning—until a warder tapped him on the shoulder and took him down to the cells. For he was still, according to the law, under sentence of death!

Poor devil! But the pressure of the public and the Press and the criticisms of the monstrous legal tangle won some sort of reward.

Very soon afterwards the Home Secretary let it be known that "Her Majesty had granted a free pardon to Serafino Pelizzioni and his release was ordered." Why Her Majesty should have been dragged in only the Law Officers could answer.

The person to suffer most permanently about the wretched affair was the landlord of the "Golden Anchor." The licence was withdrawn, and the pub became a warehouse.



## TEA IN YOUR HONOUR—L/TEL. LAWRENCE

WHEN the "Good Morning" photographer called at your home in East Avenue, South Shields, mother was about to pour a cup of tea for Mrs. Rose, and Gertrude, your sister, was carving herself a lump of cake.

You know the beautiful cake that Mother makes!

She says the nine o'clock is still very important; and we understood how important it really is when she told

us that your brother George in the R.N., Victor in the M.N., and Jack in the Army, with yourself, all spend three minutes in silence, with her, just thinking of each other and home.

That's a grand idea and a grand thought, Lawrence. Before she finished she

said, "Send Lawrence our love; God keep him."

Gertrude's message was: "I'm still listening for your songs on the radio, and then she started laughing about one you really don't like."

They look happy at home, don't they, Lawrence? Good Hunting!

## ASSELBROUGH

## There's a boom in butterflies

Says Ronald Garth

WORDS like *Albomarginata* and *Valezina* may not mean much to the ordinary man. But chances are they'll mean a lot to an old sailor. For when old salts settle down beside the sea they take to watching moths and butterflies as well as ships.

The Navy, in fact, is a rearing ground for lepidopterists—butterfly collectors to you or me—and an "R.N. Rtd." generally becomes an avid enthusiast.

And there's a boom in the hobby. When Dr. J. Hope's world-famous collection was auctioned recently, naval officers were to the fore round the rostrum—and willing to pay £10 to £20 for rarities. An Essex sailor paid the latter sum for a single black *Valezina*. It sounds a lot to stump out—but it's one way of investing £ s. d.

A single collection of moths has realised £533 in the auction room. I've seen a black *Urtica*, admittedly described as "the most rare and extreme form known," change hands at £30. Yet this particular specimen was captured when it alighted on a window-sill.

A scarlet-bordered *Rhamni*, another £25 prize rarity, was once caught accidentally, by a woman, who thought it was a Virginia creeper leaf—and I've seen a man nearly faint in the sale-room because a "C-album white" which he had caught way back in 1914 was fetching £35 in 1943.

Dead butterflies, in fact, can tell some tales. Fairly common types caught in places like Hyde Park in 1852 or the Isle of Wight in 1860, are often good for a fiver. Never clear out a case of old butterflies from an attic thinking them worthless. You may have an ab *Candida* moth worth £17!

But butterfly enthusiasts watch for their specimens on the wing as well as in the showcase. At Rothamsted Experimental Station reports are always coming in from retired mariners who have spotted the American Monarch landing after flying the Atlantic. Incredible?

Very few people know that butterflies migrate in much the same way as birds, that flights of moths have been seen like a snowstorm sailing up the Channel.

One butterfly expert, Mr. L. W. Newman, F.R.E.S., actually makes a living by breeding British butterflies on his insect farm at Bexley. He ranges the country for new specimens and supplies eggs, chrysalises and perfect specimens to schools and collectors.

Recently, a research institute placed an order for 10,000 Cabbage Whites. This



nuisance, as everyone knows, is an agricultural pest. But even pests have their uses. The 10,000 contributed to production of a dye now of considerable service to the war effort.

## THINK THESE OVER

God and the doctor we alike adore,  
But only when in danger,  
not before;  
The danger o'er, both are alike requited.  
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.

John Owen  
(1560-1622).

The whole world is in a state of chaos.  
Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock."

You cannot name any example in any heathen author but I will better it in Scripture.

Sir Thomas Overbury  
(1581-1613).

O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm  
Of green days telling with a quiet beat.  
Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Send Your News and Ideas to "Good Morning"



## USELESS EUSTAGE



"—And all I said to him was, 'Captain, your bridge-work isn't up to much!'"

## WANGLING WORDS—211

- 1.—Put a man in ME, and make a woman.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of GNAW ON THIS, and make a State in U.S.A.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PLAY into BOYS, HAIR into NETS, BUNS into SNUB, BLUE into ROOM.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 210

- 1.—ALternATIVE.
- 2.—CALIFORNIA.
- 3.—BLANK, CLANK, CLINK, CHINK, CHICK, CHECK, HARE, HIRE, MIRE, MINE, MINT, HINT, HUNT, EARLY, EARLS, EARNS, TARNs, TAREs, TIRES, SIREs, SITEs, CITEs, CITEr, CATER, LATER.
- 4.—Base, Sing, Gnat, Bake, Sake, Take, Soak, Sink, Kiss, Note, Tone, Bate, Bang, Bask, Sent, Tens, Sank, Boat, Tang, Asks, Bent, Tins, Tons, Song, etc.

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in GANGWAY, not in PLANK,  
My second's in FRONTAL, likewise FLANK,  
My third is in BILLETS, not in CAMP,  
My fourth is in SAVINGS, not in STAMP,  
My fifth is in LINERS, so not in TRAMP,  
My next is in PRESSMAN, though not REPORTER,  
My seventh's in CARBINE, while not in MORTAR,  
My eighth's in COMMANDO and in RANGERS,  
My final's in FRIENDLY, not in STRANGERS.

(Answer on Page 3)

## JANE



# "A CROSS OF BLOOD ON YOU"

Dr. Manette's Manuscript  
By Charles Dickens. Part IV

"NOW, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?"

"He is not here," I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"He! Proud as these Nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him."

I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely; obliging me to rise, too, or I could not have still supported him.

"Marquis," said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, "in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them."

"I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it."

Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead.

When I returned to the bedside of the young woman I found her raving in precisely the same order of continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, "My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!"

This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy and lay like the dead.

It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"Is she dead?" asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother,

coming booted into the room from his horse.

"Not dead," said I, "but like to die."

"What strength there is in these common bodies!" he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"There is prodigious strength," I answered him, "in sorrow and despair."

He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said in a subdued voice:

"Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hind, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and as a young man, with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen, and not spoken of."

I listened to the patient's breathing and avoided answering.—"Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?"

"Monsieur," said I, "in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence." I was guarded

in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind with what I had heard and seen.

Her breathing was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me.

I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion of failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name.

She faintly shook her head upon the pillow and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was

## ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



### THE WIFE DIGS DEEPER.

Background—Jerusalem. Foreground—the stony ground, mentioned in the Bible, of Ramah. And it is stony ground, too, which even the plough pulled by oxen can't break up sufficiently. So the wife follows the plough, and, with a pick, digs deeper and widens the furrows for next season's crop. And that makes furrows on her brow.

## QUIZ for today

1. A diva is an Indian bird, singer, Spanish coin, ballet dancer, plant?
2. Who wrote (a) The Brass Bottle, (b) The Bottle Imp?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Goose, Turkey, Pheasant, Bombay duck, Partridge, Guinea hen.
4. Who was the first woman to fly the Atlantic solo?
5. Which king of England was called the Lionheart?
6. What insects make food for human beings?
7. Which of the following is mis-spelt?—Desuetude, Decimate, Dandelion, Delphinium, Dependence.
8. What is the difference between obtuse and abstruse?

9. In chess, what is the name given to a draw?
10. From what creature do we get isinglass and caviare?
11. What is a native of Nova Scotia called?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Quid pro —, (b) Wait and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 255

1. Hairy.
2. (a) Oscar Wilde, (b) James Joyce.
3. Stone will not float; others will.
4. A judge in the Isle of Man.
5. Ladies of the Court once used it to cover pimples.
6. Bo'sun's pipe.
7. Making soap and margarine.
8. Ancient Greek "heaven."
9. Montague and Capulet.
10. Shakespeare, in "Othello."
11. Douglas.
12. (a) Ellen Terry, (b) Boswell.

sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there.

But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying, too.

I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that this appeared to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family and was ridiculous.

As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an incumbrance in the mind of the elder, too.

My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips and loitering up and down.

"At last she's dead?" said the elder, when I went in.

"She is dead," said I.

"I congratulate you, my brother," were his words as he turned round.

He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a

rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

"Pray excuse me," said I. "Under the circumstances, no." They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side.

I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

(To be continued)

## DISCOVER THE ISLANDS

Six well-known islands are buried in the following lines. How many of them can you discover?

1. The boy put down the answer to the sum at random.
2. By bold policy Prussians gained temporary control.
3. Mussolini once showed a great taste for mosaics.
4. The glad news was swiftly borne over the land.
5. The geese waddled home at dusk year after year.
6. Norwegian women shuddered, hearing such dismal tales.

(Answers on Page 3)

Freely we serve,  
Because we freely love, as in our will  
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.

John Milton.

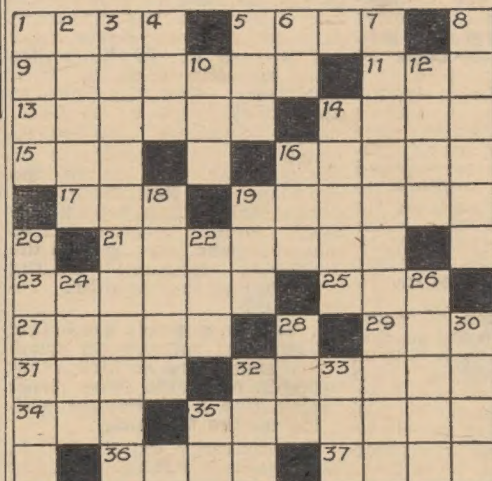
Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey.

Lord Nelson.

All reformers are bachelors.

George Moore.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Tie tightly.
- 5 Rubbish heap.
- 9 Big mollusc.
- 11 Make animal.
- 13 Cold.
- 14 Part of ear.
- 15 Tilt.
- 16 Poor dwelling.
- 17 Invest with name.
- 19 Large deer.
- 21 Finds.
- 23 Planet.
- 25 Old candle.
- 27 Celebrated.
- 29 Not alight.
- 31 Platform.
- 32 Whiten.
- 34 Fuss.
- 35 Baked food.
- 36 Nearest.
- 37 Besides.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

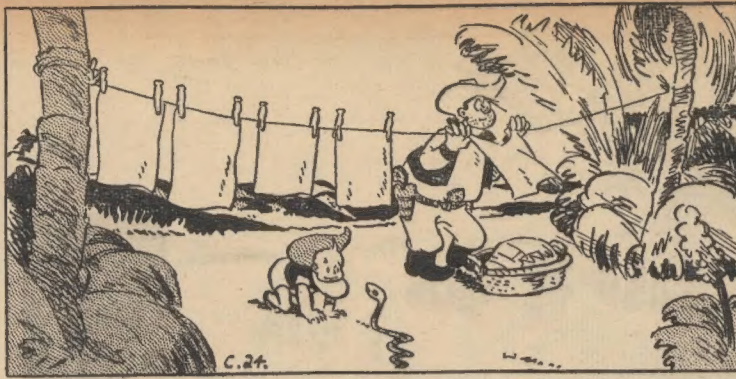
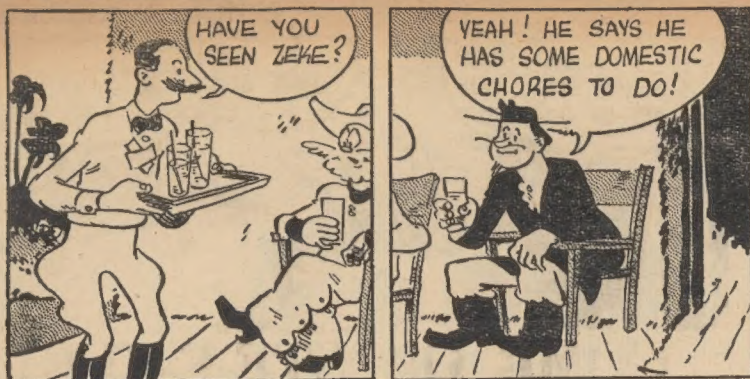
AFTER SLOP  
ABLE EXPIRE  
IRONIC AFAR  
RAW RUNNELS  
DEBAR I O  
SERIN BEGAN  
K T POLAR  
INSTEAD NOW  
FINE LEAGUE  
FLORAL DENT  
SEWN SWARD

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Hit high.
- 2 Bitterly pungent.
- 3 Proviso.
- 4 Greedy one.
- 5 Failure.
- 6 Pronoun.
- 7 Temporary.
- 8 Girl's name.
- 10 Domino spot.
- 12 Assist.
- 14 Bounded easily.
- 16 Boater.
- 18 Ribs.
- 19 Remained.
- 20 Cold confection.
- 22 Half-digested food.
- 24 Route.
- 26 Hockey discs.
- 28 Last month.
- 30 Old pronoun.
- 32 Cricketer.
- 33 Card.
- 35 Animal.



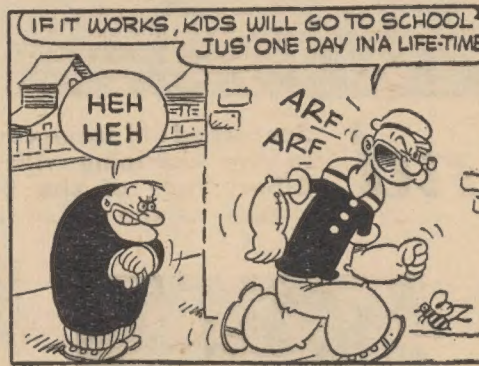
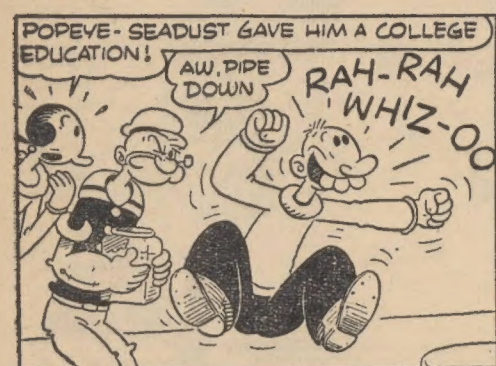
## BEELZEBUB JONES



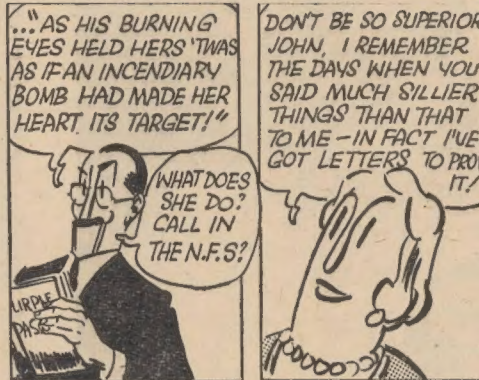
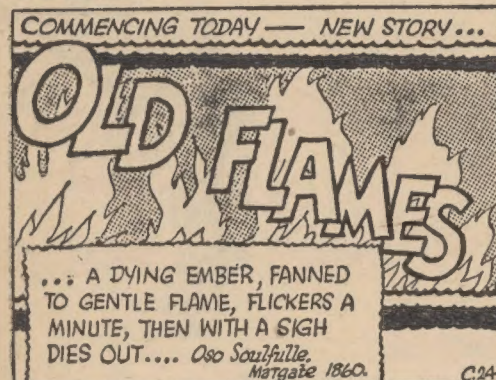
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## POST WAR TREASURE HUNTS

By J. M. Michaelson

MILLIONS of pounds' worth of gold, coins, jewellery and treasure of all kinds have been buried in the countries to which war has come during the last four years, either deliberately by the owners, to save it from the invader, or "accidentally" by the impact of shells or bombs.

Never before has a war covered such a large area, and when the war ends there will probably be a record number of treasure hunts.

Treasures get lost during a war. The owner buries his plate and jewellery or hides it before joining in the flight of refugees. He is killed, or dies before he can return. A surprising number who do return find their village battered beyond recognition, or even forget exactly where they made their cache.

Some of the great treasures lost in previous wars have never been found.

One of the great war treasures that has not been found is the war chest of the Boer Government in the South African War.

When in 1900 the Boers, under pressure from British troops, decided to move their Government from Johannesburg to Pretoria, the gold and coin in the treasury was divided into three portions.

One part eventually reached the coast, and was put on a ship which took it to Germany, where it was used for the relief of sufferers in the war. But the other two portions disappeared.

## NOT SEEN OR VELDT.

There are various stories about what happened. One portion is supposed to have been aboard a ship that was later sunk in St. Lucia Bay, but although the exact position of the wreck was known and repeated attempts were made to salvage the treasure, they all failed.

The third portion is supposed to have been buried in the veldt, the position being marked by an iron pole driven into the ground. But although afterwards many hundreds of square yards of bush were cleared, no sign of the iron pole was found.

Several treasure-hunting expeditions were organised on the strength of clues of varying authenticity, but the treasure was not discovered.

The Great War produced many treasure hunks. One was for the war chest of the Turkish Army, defeated by General Allenby in 1918.

This was estimated to be worth up to £1,000,000, and consisted of loot and money intended for bribing the Arabs.

In 1932 an attempt was made to find the treasure, on the strength of the clues of a Turkish officer, who stated that the treasure boxes had been thrown into a river when it was found that a vital bridge had been blown up.

The Government of Palestine gave permission for the search, which was well organised, but either the treasure boxes had disintegrated under the force of the river, or the Turkish officer was mistaken about the position, for no treasure was reported.

A treasure that was found amounted to some millions of francs, but it was found by the wrong people—the Germans, during their advance in France.

Early in the 1914 war a wealthy Frenchman buried notes and coin amounting to some millions in a safe, and then retreated with the other civilians. After the war he returned, found the safe, but it was empty.

Nothing more was heard until 1923, when the Paris police began investigating the history of a 1,000,000-franc note which a man had tried to change.

## BUT NOTE TAKEN.

The note attracted attention because it was a war-time one. Then the whole story was gradually unfolded. German soldiers had found the safe, looted it, spent the coin and smaller notes, but kept the larger denominations until they thought it was "safe."

About twenty years ago it was learned that Belgian military engineers, working with a German who had deserted during the same war, were searching for a treasure worth a million francs buried near Namur. The story was that the treasure was lost buried by soldiers, who hoped to enjoy it when peace came. Whether the engineers found it was never announced.

At the end of the siege of Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese War, the Russians are supposed to have gathered gold and coin worth £2,500,000 and buried it before surrendering.

The actual burial was carried out by only five officers, and in the confusion that followed all trace of the treasure was lost. Port Arthur was ceded to the Japanese.

The matter was suddenly revived in 1936, when the Japanese were said to have got on the trail of a Dr. Gyorgy, the only surviving officer. But the trail ended in Hungary at the outbreak of the Great War, when the Russian disappeared. The last news was that a Japanese delegation had arrived in Budapest to try to find him. Whether they ever did seems doubtful.

Solution to Allied Ports.  
WALVIS BAY.

Solution to Discover the Islands  
Sumatra, Cyprus, Formosa,  
Borneo, Skye, Malta.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## This England

Sunbathed old stone cottages in the charming village of Bibury, one of the beauty spots of the Cotswolds.



"Yes . . . even as a child she was always 'fiddling' around"



## COME ON STE-E-EVE!

"Now, if those dames were wearing overcoats, we'd fall for the snow-man stuff; but in that rig — well, they're trying to pull the cotton-wool over our eyes, surely."



## A Running Comment

"Now, if I can only run off this picture, maybe it will save my life."

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's a walk-over."

